# THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

## Literary and Scientific Mirror.

"UTILE DULCI."

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## THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM.

[We have been politely accommodated with the loan of this engraving, by Mr. Sowler, proprietor of the *Manchester Herald*, in which journal it originally appeared.]

1. The Coffin of King George III.
2. The Queen.
3. The Princess Amelia.
4. Prince Alfred.
5. Prince Octavius.
6. The Duchess of Brunswick.
7. The Princess Charlotte.
8. Her Royal Highness's Infant.
9. The Duke of Kent.
10. The Duke of York.
11. The Urn of the Duke of Kent.
12. Space reserved for Prince Leopold.

### THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM.

This edifice was built under the direction of the late King, in 1810, and now contains the remains of ten of his Majesty's family, including those of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, now deposited there. This sacred receptacle is never opened unless for the purpose of receiving a new tenant, and is to be approached only by means of raising an immense slab in the centre of St. George's Chapel, in front of the altar. On this slab being removed, a platform is discovered, which, by means of machinery, constructed in the interior, can be gradually lowered to a passage below; and this passage leads in a direct line under the altar, to a pair of brass gates, which inclose the Mausoleum. Of this appropriate mansion of the dead, our engraving gives a perfect idea, and points out the precise spots in which all the bodies hitherto conveyed there have been placed; as will be seen by the table of reference to the plate. The style of architecture is Gothic; and, although well ventilated and free from damp, no light whatever is admitted, save on such occasions as that which it is this day our melancholy task to record. The glare of torches which then illumines the chamber, combined with the effect of light and shade, produce a *coup d'œil* of the most sublime description. The dimensions of the tomb are 70 feet in length, and 28 in breadth. The receptacles for bodies are formed of Gothic octagon columns, supporting a range of four shelves, each of which, in the space between the shelves, is formed to contain two bodies, the whole range of each side affording space for 32 coffins. In the east end are five niches (see 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, in engraving) for the reception of as many coffins; and in the centre are twelve low tombs, divided into three compartments, with a slab on the top of each, for the reception of Sovereigns. The sepulchre in all will contain 81 bodies.

The first body placed here was that of the Princess Amelia.—In consequence of the edifice not being finished when her Royal Highness died, her body was deposited in an adjoining vault till it was ready for its reception. The Duchess of Brunswick, the Princess Charlotte and her infant, Queen Charlotte, the Duke of Kent, the King, and, lastly, the late lamented Duke of York, followed. The two young Princes, Alfred and Octavius, were here re-entombed. It is remarkable, that all the coffins preserve an appearance of freshness equal to that which was observable when they were first brought thither. The coronets and velvet cushions, with the gilding of the ornaments, are still untarnished; and had they been kept in a drawing-room, their preservation could not have been more complete.

The coffin of the King is covered with purple velvet, which colour is appropriated only to Sovereigns; and the foot is next the wall, the head of the coffin being nearest to the spectator. The other bodies are in a similar position.

An affecting anecdote is told of his late Majesty, which, while it seems to show the warm affection he felt for the Princess Amelia, his youngest daughter, affords strong evidence of the philosophic calmness with which he viewed his own death. While the vault was still in progress, and after the death of the Princess Amelia, he thus addressed himself to the principal clerk of the works, then engaged in the Castle:—"In all probability," said his Majesty, "you will outlive me, and see my body deposited in this tomb; if so, I leave it as my particular request, that my coffin, and that of my beloved daughter Amelia, shall be so placed as to touch each other." The command was strictly fulfilled, and the coffin of the Princess is placed close to that of his Majesty, on his right, while that of the Queen is on his left.

An anecdote, somewhat similar, is recorded of George the Second, whose Queen, Caroline, having died first, and having been placed in the royal vault, under Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, it was his Majesty's especial desire, that, after he was dead, the sides both of his own coffin and that of his deceased Consort, should be removed, and the two coffins, or rather bodies, laid close to each other. This was accordingly done, and both bodies were subsequently inclosed in a sarcophagus of black marble, which is inlaid with gold, and which is still to be seen in the royal vault in question.

From reference to the above plan, it will be seen that Prince Leopold has reserved a space for himself, near to that occupied by the remains of his beloved Princess.

Cardinal Wolsey's tomb house, which is immediately above the royal mausoleum, remains unoccupied, affording only an exquisite specimen of modern imitation of the Gothic style. It was originally purposed to convert it into a Chapter House; but this plan has never been fulfilled.

## To Correspondents.

☞ *The great length of the story of the Scarf, which is inserted by particular desire, has obliged us to omit our notes to correspondents, for want of room.*

THE KNIGHT'S MOVE AT CHESS.—To our surprise, a gentleman called at our office on Saturday, and said (rather pettishly) that before we published our diagram explanatory of the knight's move, he had explained the method of doing it to several of his friends. Whether this be the fact or not, it is of very little importance to inquire, as any person who has followed our correspondent *W. C.* in his letters and diagrams on the subject, might easily be led to hit upon the figure, which it was the object of that gentleman's letters to usher in as a practical illustration of his theory.

ERRATA.—In Mr. Hanson's letter on the "Results of the Weather at Manchester," &c. inserted in the *Kaleidoscope* of Jan. 23,—second line, for *present* year, read *past* year, twelfth line, for *fixed* read *Star's*, and for date 1826, read 1827.

# Poetry.

## TRIBUTARY LINES.

And she is—where?—Rev. T. Dale.

Oh! she is where the blessed are,
And woe may never enter there!
Triumphant o'er the grave and death,
A prisoner no more of earth,
She lives where storms no more can rise,
She lives in blissful Paradise!

Oh! she has changed her mortal dress
For Zion's robe of righteousness;
The weary couch of grief and pain,
For songs of joy, and loud acclaim,
Through the empyrean vast that swell
The blessedness of heaven to tell!

Oh! she the darksome vale has trod,
And past o'er Jordan's icy flood;
And now, a glory round her spread,
Of sister seraphs joyful led,
'Tis hers through Eden's bowers to rove,
And tune her angel lyre to love!

Go—dry that wildly-streaming tear,
For she is where the blessed are;
And Time o'er her no more can fling,
The shadow of his raven wing;
For, oh! she lives where never smote
Upon the ear Time's funeral note!

Go—dry that tear.—*She* weeps not now;
A crown immortal decks her brow,
And she—but when has tongue express'd
The raptures of an angel's breast?
And wouldst thou seek, in galling chain,
The spirit freed, to bind again?

Oh, weep no more! for she was given
In youthful purity to heaven!
A ministering seraph there to be,
A flower to bloom unfadingly!
Go,—shed no more for her the tear,
For she is where the blessed are!

*Liverpool.* G.

## FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

*(By the Author of "Faithless Nelly Gray.")*

Young Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a *feint*.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your *swain* is in our *boat*,
A *boat swain* he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And *taken off* her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A *seeing to* herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright;
"Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,—
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
*Eye-water* in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my *beau*, *Ben*,
To sail with old *Benbow*;
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she had said *Gee woe!*

Says he, "They've only taken him,
To the *Tender-ship*, you see;"
"The *tender-ship*," cried Sally Brown,
What a *hard-ship* that must be!

"O! would I were a *mermaid* now,
For then I'd follow him:
But, Oh! I'm not a *fish-woman*,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
'The Virgin and the Scales,'
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in *Wales*."

Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all the sails were furl'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so;
I've met with many a *breeze* before,
But never such a *blow!*"

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to *eye* his *pipe*,
And then to *pipe* his *eye*.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not, though he tried:
His head was *turn'd*, and so he chew'd
His *pigtail* till he died.

His *death*, which happened in his *birth*,
At forty-odd befel:
They went and *told* the sexton, and
The sexton *toll'd* the bell.

# Fashions for February.

Evening Dress.—Dress of black gros de Naples; the corsage cut bias, and made with a little fulness, rather high in front, and straight: ornamented with a fluted trimming of black Italian crape, narrow in front, and gradually deepening to the shoulder. The short sleeve is full, and set in a band round the arm; the long sleeve is large, and of crape, with a coronet cuff of gros de Naples, fastened by a wrought-iron cameo clasp. The skirt is ornamented with an intermixture of gros de Naples and crape of a fanciful pattern, headed by a narrow rouleau of satin, which is repeated between the trimming, and the skirt is terminated by a wadded hem. The head-dress consists of a very full wreath of black crape flowers, and a light *crêpe lisse* hat, *à la Marie Stuart*, with long lappets reaching to the waist. Large diamond-shaped black brooch in the front of the bust; German cast-iron necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, with cameo clasps. Black kid gloves and chamois shoes.

Dinner-party Dress.—A dress of black bombazin, bordered with a double bouillon trimming of crape, en limaçon; each scalop of which is confined by a ring-ornament of fluted crape. The body is made plain, and is ornamented round the tucker part with a vandyke trimming of crape, at each point of which are rosettes. The sleeves are short and full, of the same material as the dress. A fichu pelerine of white crape, with a double trimming of the same round the edge, is worn over the shoulders. The head-dress consists of a Turkish turban of white crape, ornamented with beads of jet. Necklace and ear-pendants of beautifully cut jet.

# Scientific Notices.

## METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

*TO THE EDITOR.*

Sir,—Anxious to compare the unprecedented degree of cold, which took place at the commencement of the present month in the neighbourhood of Manchester, I was struck with the great difference of the results made here and at Liverpool. Time, place, and instruments often make great odds in results of this nature. In the centre of great towns, let the meteorologist's situation be ever so good, yet it will be very unfavourable for noting, or, indeed, of approximating, at times, to a true state of the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere.

Upon an average of a long series of notations, for instance, a year, I have found a difference of two degrees between the town and country; that is, the annual mean temperature of the town will be two degrees more: but this difference will generally be found to be much increased during any very great and sudden changes, either from heat to cold, or from cold to heat.

If the Liverpool observations are made in a confined situation of the town, I think that, and a proximity to the sea, may, in a great measure, account for the difference. The following are our comparative results for the first seven days of the month.

| *January*, 1827. | Temperature 2 miles out of Manchester. | | Temperature at Liverpool. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | *Highest.* | *Lowest.* | *Highest.* | *Lowest.* |
| Monday, 1 | 52° | 41° | 49° | 45° |
| Tuesday, 2 | 31 | 29 | 37 | 34 |
| Wednesday, 3 | 19 | 5 | 27 | 23 |
| Thursday, 4 | 27 | 4 under zero. | 33 | 23 |
| Friday, 5 | 22 | 13 | 35 | 25 |
| Saturday, 6 | 38 | 28 | 44 | 32.5 |
| Sunday, 7 | 47 | 29.5 | 51 | 38 |
| Means... | 39 | 23.6 | 39 | 31.5 |

The means of the highest states of the two places exactly agree; but the mean of the lowest for Manchester is eight degrees less than the lowest mean for Liverpool.

The following are the observations I made on the occasion:—Monday, the 1st, commenced with a very mild and humid atmosphere; rain fell pretty freely in the afternoon and evening; after which it cleared up, and, in the course of the night, there were gusts of wind and showers of hail, which lowered the temperature to 29 degrees. On Tuesday, the 2d, the temperature only rose two degrees in the course of the day; wind strong from the north-west. On Wednesday, the 3d, at eight o'clock in the morning, the thermometer was at 5 degrees above zero; snow had fallen, with gusts of wind, from about eleven o'clock the preceding evening to three this morning: the average depth, where it was drifted, about six inches. In the course of the day the temperature gradually rose to 19 degrees, which took place about one o'clock, when it began to decline. A thermometer placed in the sun's rays rose to 33 degrees. The thermometer in the shade, in a northern aspect, gradually lowered, and at ten in the evening indicated a cold of one degree below zero, or 33 degrees under the freezing point. The day was remarkably fine, clear, and sunny: in the evening there was scarcely a cloud, and the stars shone with great brilliancy. The Ardwick and other ponds became so frozen in one night as to allow boys to slide.

Barometer on the 1st was 30.00 inches, but during this cold it had sunk seven-tenths, and then became almost stationary: to-night it is inclined to rise. Thursday, the 4th, at seven in the morning, observed the thermometer had sunk in the course of the night to the unprecedented degree of cold of *four* under 0, or zero, which is 36 degrees under the freezing point. At eight o'clock the thermometer had risen to 0: at that time there was a slight fog in the horizon, but clear above. A slight shower of hail fell in the night. Barometer gradually rising. Weather continued fine to about three o'clock p.m. when the wind changed from blowing gently, from the east to west, and then settled at north. Slight appearance of snow, which

soon fell very copiously, the wind blowing in gusts, and often approaching to a hurricane; these continued about two hours, when the wind subsided to a gentle breeze, and the evening became clear. Barometer still rising. The temperature had gradually risen since the extraordinary depression in the morning; at eight o'clock in the evening it stood at 27 degrees, being an increase of 31 degrees.—Friday, the 5th, temperature again lowered; in the course of the forenoon it indicated the lowest state of the day, which was fine and clear, the wind blowing gently from the east. Saturday, the 6th: wind changed this morning to S.S.E. and a general thaw commenced, with slight rain: the highest temperature was noted late in the evening.—Sunday, the 7th, wind settled at S.W.; very slight rain, which brought on a gradual thaw.—Yours,

THOMAS HANSON.

*Plymouth Grove, Chorlton Row, near Manchester.*
*January 19, 1827.*

## METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[*From the Liverpool Courier.*]

| | Barometer at noon. | | Extreme during Night. | | Thermometer 8 morning | | Extreme heat during Day. | | State of the Wind at noon. | Remarks at noon. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Jan. | | | | | | | | | | |
| 24 | 29 | 45 | 32 | 0 | 33 | 0 | 36 | 0 | E.N.E. | Cloudy. |
| 25 | 29 | 50 | 24 | 0 | 26 | 0 | 32 | 0 | E.N.E. | Fair. |
| 26 | 29 | 69 | 30 | 0 | 33 | 0 | 37 | 0 | N.E. | Fair. |
| 27 | 30 | 10 | 29 | 0 | 32 | 0 | 35 | 0 | N.W. | Fair. |
| 28 | 29 | 61 | 34 | 0 | 38 | 0 | 47 | 0 | S.W. | Cloudy. |
| 22 | 29 | 53 | 45 | 0 | 46 | 0 | 50 | 0 | S.S.W. | Rain. |
| 30 | 29 | 43 | 45 | 0 | 46 | 0 | 50 | 0 | S E. | Cloudy. |

24th, Snow during night.
26th, Nine, a.m., slight fall of snow.

## NEW PATENTS.

To —— Thomas, Esq. of Vale Grove, Chelsea, for his process of rendering boots, shoes, and other articles waterproof.—Dated the 22d of December, 1826.—6 months allowed to enrol specification.

To David Redmund, of Greek-street, Soho, engineer, for improvements in the construction and manufacture of hinges.—22d of December.—6 months.

To Elijah Galloway, of the London Road, Surrey, engineer, for a rotary steam-engine.—29th of December.—6 months.

To John Whiting, of Ipswich, architect, for his improvements in window-sashes and frames.—9th of January, 1827.—2 months.

To James Frazer, of Hounsditch, engineer, for an improved method of constructing capstans and windlasses.—11th of January.—6 months.

To James Frazer, of Houndsditch, engineer, for an improved method of constructing boilers for steam-engines. 11th of January.—6 months.

To William Wilmot Hall, of Baltimore, America, at present residing in Westminster, for an engine for mooring and propelling ships, boats, carriages, mills and machinery of every kind.—15th of January.—2 months.

To William Hobson, of Markfield, Stamford-hill, Middlesex, for an improved method of paving streets, lanes, roads, and carriage ways in general.—15th of January.—2 months.

To James Neville, of New Walk, Shad-Thames, engineer, for an improved carriage, to be worked or propelled by means of steam.—15th of January.—6 months.

To William Mason, of Castle-street East, Oxford-market, Westminster, patent axletree-maker, for improvements in the construction of those axletrees and boxes for carriages known by the names of Mail-axletrees and boxes.—15th of January.—2 months.

To Robert Copland, of Wilmington-square, Middlesex, for improvements on a patent already obtained by him for combinations of apparatus for gaining power.—16th of January.—15 months.

## Tide Table.

| Days. | Morn. | | Even. | | Height. | | Festivals, &c. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | h. | m. | h. | m. | ft. | in. | |
| Tuesday .. 6 | 6 | 14 | 6 | 55 | 10 | 8 | |
| Wednesday 7 | 7 | 33 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | |
| Thursday.. 8 | 8 | 42 | 9 | 9 | 11 | 10 | |
| Friday .... 9 | 9 | 33 | 9 | 54 | 13 | 2 | |
| Saturday..10 | 10 | 14 | 10 | 33 | 14 | 7 | [Full Moon. |
| Sunday....11 | 10 | 52 | 11 | 9 | 16 | 1 | Septuagesima Sunday. |
| Monday ..12 | 11 | 26 | 11 | 43 | 17 | 4 | Hilary Term ends. |
| Tuesday ..13 | —— | | 0 | 1 | 18 | 3 | |

# Miscellanies.

## A RESURRECTION STORY.

During the late merry-making times, a person who had been walking, at midnight, on the road at the back of the churchyard, stumbled, and fell upon what proved to be a human body. Apprehensive of danger, he immediately grappled with it; but, to his horror, soon discovered that he was laying violent hands on what appeared to be a lifeless and almost naked corpse. He lost no time in getting up, and conceiving that he had unexpectedly fallen into the cold embraces of a subject just taken from the churchyard by some resurrectionists, he hurried away in a state of the utmost trepidation, and communicated his adventures to the town guard. They received the tale as beseemed their wisdom and so grave a subject, and accordingly took some time to deliberate, wisely judging that "dead men be slow of heel," and "tell no tales," and that, therefore, there was neither danger of their prize running away, or of their activity being honourably recorded. They at length, however, despatched two of the most valorous of their body to reconnoitre, and act according to circumstances. These proceeded on their mission, with steps measured slow and sure, and in due time arrived at the dreaded spot, where they were not a little shocked to behold a human corpse stretched out before them, as described by their informant, and fully justifying the fears which he entertained as to its having been recently despoiled from the mansions of the dead. Disagreeable as the duty was, the guardians of the night immediately set about removing the body; but they had scarcely raised it up, when their ears were appalled with a ghastly yawn, followed by "Jenny, ye limmer, hap the claes to my back." Terror-struck, they instantly dropt their burden, and flew back to their companions. The matter now became so serious, that the whole fraternity considered it incumbent to rally all the courage they could muster, and march to the spot: but, to the disappointment of the lovers of the marvellous, the cause of all this terror and alarm proved to be no other than *Whiskey Tibby*, well known for her rambling propensities, and who, that night, instead of stepping into her bed, sauntered out, and took a nap in the cold moonbeams.—*Stirling Journal.*

*Aileen Aroon.*—The origin of this beautiful Irish air, which was first introduced to the British public a few years ago (most unfairly) as a Scotch melody, by the name of "Robin Adair," is thus historically and correctly related:—"Carol More O'Daly (brother to Donogh, a turbulent Connaught Chieftain, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth) was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and particularly excelled in poetry and music. He paid his addresses to Ellen, the daughter of a Chieftain named Cavanagh, a lovely and amiable young lady, who returned his affection; but her friends disapproved of the connexion. O'Daly was obliged to leave the country for some time; and they availed themselves of the opportunity which his absence afforded them, of impressing on the mind of Ellen a belief of his falsehood, and of his having gone to be married to another: after some time they prevailed on her to consent to marry a rival of O'Daly. The day was fixed for the nuptials; but O'Daly returned the day before. Under the first impression of his feelings, he sought a wild and sequestered spot on the sea shore, and inspired by love, composed the song of Aileen Aroon. Disguised as a harper, he next night got access among the crowd that thronged to the wedding. It happened that he was called on by Ellen herself to play. It was then, touching his harp with all the pathetic sensibility which the interesting occasion inspired, he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his softened strain the very soul of pensive melody. It began—Dtiucfa tu no a bhfanna tu Aileen Aroon, "Will you stay, or come with me, Ellen my dear?" Ellen soon felt its force, and contrived to elope with him that very night.—[Handel declared he would rather have been the author of this air, than of all the music he had ever composed. And so enchanted was Signor Tenducci, a distinguished Italian singer, who assisted at the Italian Operas in Dublin, with it, that he resolved upon studying the Irish language, and became a perfect master of it.]

*Utility of Thick Skulls.*—Two cavaliers had a gallant combat. On one side was Samad, one of Ibrahim Saru's younger brothers, and on the other side was Shah-sawar, one of the Moguls of Hissar. They met hand to hand, and Shah-sawar urged his blow with such force, that he drove his sabre right through Samad's helmet, and fixed it pretty deep in his skull. In spite of this wound, Samad returned the blow with such fury, that his sword shore clean off a piece of Shah-sawar's skull as big as the palm of the hand. As Shah-sawar had no helmet on, the wound on his head was properly bound up, and he recovered. Abdal Kadus Kohbur, the elder brother of Kitteh Beg, having climbed up to the foot of the castle-wall, was hit by a large stone discharged from above, which sent him spinning down, heels over head, from that prodigious height, right forward, without touching any where till he lighted on his head at the bottom of the glacis. *Yet he received no injury*, and immediately mounted his horse and returned back to the camp.—*Memoirs of the Emperor Beber.*

The etymology of the term *chess*, like the origin of the game itself, is very uncertain; but it seems probable that it was derived from the Persian word "Schar," which signifies a king. The Italians call it scacchi, the Germans schachspul, and the French echecs; for some of which we may have taken our word check. The pawn seems to have been evidently so called after the peon; while the rook, though now generally termed a castle, no doubt took its name from the Persian rukh, which is the corresponding piece; and it is remarkable that in all the languages here enumerated the word mat, or mate, is preserved, and a term is used corresponding with the schah-mat of the Persians.

*South American Toilet.*—While I was sitting on a horse's head, writing by the blaze of the fire, I saw two girls dressing for the ball. They were standing near a stream of water, which was running at the back of the hut. After washing their faces, they put on their gowns, and then twisting up their hair in a very pretty simple way, they picked, by the light of the moon, some yellow flowers which were growing near them. These they put fresh into their hair, and when this simple toilet was completed, they looked as interesting, and as nicely dressed, as if "the carriage was to have called for them at eleven o'clock;" and in a few minutes, when I returned to the ball, I was happy to see each with a partner.—*Head's Rough Notes.*

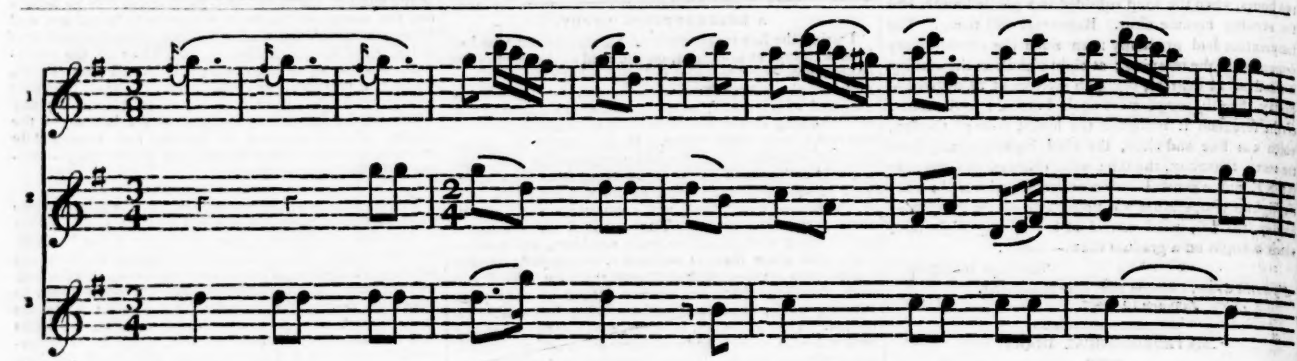
## USE OF SPICES IN WARM CLIMATES.

"The grain, the roots, and the fruit on which the natives of these climates subsist, are better suited than any other kind of food, to nourish the body without exciting it; and, while the kind of vegetable diet which the hottest and most unhealthy climates furnish tends the least to excite the nervous and sanguiferous systems it promotes strength and endurance, while the hot spices, which are produced in the same situations, serve to preserve the animal body against the septic tendencies and the miasmal sources of disease with which those countries abound. In both the Indies, and in intertropical Africa, the natives of low and moist situations live almost entirely on rice and maize: with these they consume, as a condiment, a very large proportion of the hot spices, which are so abundant in these countries, and use them in all their diseases. The tonic and stimulating qualities of these spices are beneficial in preserving the human frame from the noxious effects of the rainy seasons, and from the invasion of worms, and the various parasitic animals which prey on man. To these spices even the feathered race and many other animals resort, especially during the more unhealthy seasons to which those climates are subject. Were the natives of these countries, constituted as they are, to addict themselves to the use of animal food, more than they do, vascular plethora would be the result; the nervous and vascular system would be more generally and more highly excited; the irritability would become much sooner exhausted; and the predisposed frame would be more subject to, and fall sooner beneath, the diseases which belong to those climates. It is in consequence of the adoption of too full an animal diet that Europeans, in the low, moist, and hot situations between the tropics, fall so soon the victims of disease. Nature adapts her productions, in every climate, to the necessities of man, and she even restricts the exuberance of these productions to his real but not to his imagined wants; and in no climate does this provision appear more manifest than between the tropics. There, if the sources of disease be abundant, as they most indisputably are, she has chiefly restricted them to those which proceed directly from the soil and the climate, while she has confined those arising from the food provided for man's subsistence within narrow limits, as there he is destined, by the circumstances already alluded to, to live on a vegetable diet.—*Cuvier's Animal Kingdom.*

On the devolution of the kingdom of England to James I., Henry the Fourth of France said, "*En vérité c'est un trop beau morceau pour un pedant.*"

## SPECIMEN

### OF A VERY SINGULAR PASSAGE IN THE MASQUERADE SCENE OF MOZART'S DON GIOVANNI.



### SPORTIVE SALLIES OF GENIUS.

Humorists and punsters have been occasionally found amongst painters and musicians, as well as amongst authors in prose and verse. Our readers will probably recollect Hogarths's invitation to his friend to dine, which was conveyed intelligibly without employing one word. The artist sketched a very tempting pie, with knives, forks, &c., and, as a motto, the three letters of the Greek alphabet, η, ζ, π; that is, Eta, Beta, Pi; or, eat a bit of pie.

In imitation probably of this great master of his art, poor Gerard, the painter, whose death we had lately to record, and whose "Letters in Rhyme" we reviewed in the *Kaleidoscope* of November 22, 1825, would occasionally produce as intelligible a pun with his brush as ever Lord Norbury made *viva voce*.*

Musicians, too, have had their whims, or *crotchets*, in their playful moments; and even the grave, sentimental, and sublime Haydn would occasionally condescend to amuse himself and others with a game at "*Vivent les Bagatelles.*" In a merry mood he once composed a most whimsical overture, of which we have often heard, but which we have never seen noticed in any memoir of this celebrated man. As it was described to us, it is somewhat after this fashion:—The band having played part of a movement together, one of the *repieno* violins extinguishes his candle, puts his cremona under his arm, and stalks out of the orchestre: soon after one of the tenors puts out his light, and decamps in a similar manner: he is shortly imitated by one of the violoncellos; and the performers on the wind instruments follow the example in succession, each observing the same ceremony, until the orchestre is left with only one light burning, and the leader playing *solus*. As a climax to the farce, the deserted leader, who appears to have been until now unconscious of what has been passing around him, on a sudden perceiving himself thus alone and benighted, extinguishes the only remaining light and makes his escape also.

This whimsical *scena*, if performed with becoming gravity, must produce a very ludicrous effect; but we have never heard of its having been attempted in this country.—Amongst the less extravagant whims of Haydn may be classed a most ingenious and singular composition, which we introduced into our fourth volume, page 107. It was *a Canzon Cancrizano, a 3 Voci*; so constructed, that whether read backwards or forwards, from top to bottom, or the reverse way, or beginning from the middle, or from any bar, and proceeding either right or left, it always preserves the air, and with a pleasing accompaniment. We have also recently seen a piece, of considerable length, by Moschelles, consructed in some degree after this model, but it appeared to us to be very deficient in air.

While we are upon this subject, we ought not to forget a piece of music composed by Shield, in which each bar consists of five notes; nor is it foreign to our purpose to mention "God save the King," arranged most ingeniously in common time by that eminent composer, the late Samuel Webbe. But it was reserved for the master mind of Mozart to compose a charming piece of music, which harmonizes beautifully, although the different parts are set in different measures. It is, perhaps, one of the best puzzles ever devised; for, although each part taken separately, is simple enough in the execution, it requires great skill, or we may perhaps say a power of abstraction, to play the parts together, so as not to produce a mere jumble, instead of the pleasing effect intended by the composer.

The piece to which we allude, is that brilliant minuetto in Don Giovanni, *(Meco tu dei Ballare,)* and the copy from which we select our specimen is very cleverly arranged for the piano forte, with an accompaniment for the flute, by F. Fiorello, in which it is numbered 8.

At provincial theatres this complex performance is seldom or never attempted, at least we never heard of the experiment having been made; but in the original opera this singular trio never fails to astonish and delight. It requires three separate and experienced bands to perform it according to the author's intention. First, there is the band in the front orchestre, playing the theme or minuet; then come in the country-dancers and waltzers, with their bands, which, as we have already said, make a medley as singular as it is pleasing.

As our object is merely to give a specimen of this singular whim of Mozart, we have merely taken for our purpose the first division of the trio, omitting in the theme or piano-forte part (3,) all the double notes and the bass; so that, as it now stands, it may be considered as a flute trio, and we will venture to say that three amateurs will not easily be found to play it correctly without a good drilling. An inspection of the score will show that there must be no audible beating of time; the second violin and the player of the theme must each count quavers; the first violin plays two bars to one of the second violin, and three to one of the minuet; the second violin plays three bars to two of the piano-forte or theme. We own, however, that we cannot exactly understand why Mozart wrote the waltz movement as it here stands. It is designated 3-8ths; but if that were really the time, two bars would not be equal to one of the 2-4ths, nor would three be equal to one of the 3-4th movement.

We should be glad to have the opinion of some competent judge on this subject; and with this view we have given the foregoing specimen.

* We remember being once struck with a wretched conceit, and specimen of vicious taste in Dibdin's clever opera of the Padlock. It occurs in Don Diego's song, "By some I am told that I'm wrinkled and old." The singer has to repeat several times the words "So horns, horns, I defy ye," and the responsive accompaniment to the word horns is performed by the two French horns, thus—

DON DIEGO.—"So horns, horns."
CORNI.—Two echo notes.
DON DIEGO.—"So horns, horns."
CORNI.—Two echo notes.

This horrid musical pun is either purely accidental, or it is one of the most miserable concerts ever suggested by bad taste.

# The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

## CHESS CONTROVERSY.

*(Continued from our former numbers.)*

*TO THE EDITOR.*

SIR,—I did not intend to trouble you again on the chess controversy; but as your correspondent, *An Old Correspondent*, has not contented himself with charging me with ignorance of the game, but has called my veracity in question, I think it necessary to say a word or two in reply to that correspondent. From the arrogant and dictatorial manner in which that writer has laid down the law upon the subject, it is clear that he does not anticipate that there can be any appeal from his judgment; but as it is possible that he may not be infallible (a possibility, however, which he will not admit) I will venture to say a word or two more in support of my view of the case. But, first, I must set myself right with you and your readers, with respect to the charge brought against me of resorting to a subterfuge, to avoid the force of an argument used by my opponent, *W. C.*

When I addressed my first letter to you on the subject, I was perfectly aware that the practice of chess-players was not consistent with my theory, with respect to the principle upon which check and checkmate should be given; and it was precisely for that reason that I addressed you at all on the subject. If I had believed that the practice of chess-players agreed with my theory, there could have been no possible reason why I should say a single word upon the subject; because, in such case, I could only expect to prove what I must have believed every one to know from his own experience. Therefore, the question between *W. C.* and myself was, not what was the practice as to giving check and checkmate, but what was the principle upon which they ought to be given, and therefore the argument of *W. C.* was quite beside the question, and there was no necessity for my resorting to any subterfuge to avoid the force of it. *An Old Correspondent* has given a quotation from the Encyclopædia Britannica, which, instead of being, as he supposes, contradictory to my view of the case, exactly supports it. Your conceited correspondent does not see this, and, therefore, I will show it him. It is said in that quotation, "that when a piece falls within *the reach* of an adverse man, that piece may be taken, but that in *such case* the king must not be taken, but must be warned of his danger by the word 'check.'" Now, this description proves that a piece must be taken, and check given to the king, *upon precisely the same principle*; viz. that a piece to be taken, or the king to be in check, must be *within the reach* of an adverse man. This is precisely the rule laid down by me in my first letter on the subject, viz. that when another piece might be taken the king is in check. Then the converse of the proposition must be true, viz. that the king *cannot be in check* when he *is not within the reach* of an adverse man.

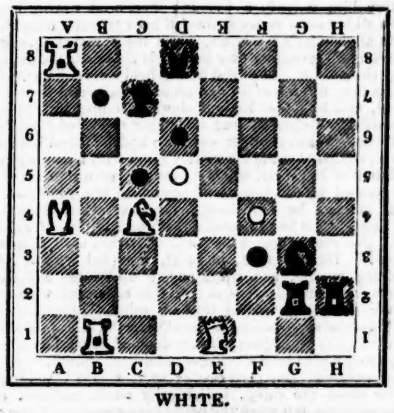
The king must be *attacked* upon precisely the same principle as any other piece, with this difference as to the consequences of the attack, that he is to be warned of his danger, and cannot be lost, so long as he can either defend himself or remove out of the danger. When he can do neither, he is *lost*, and the game is lost with him. He is not to be taken and removed from the board as any other piece may be, but the effect is the same, and must be brought about by the same means. It is clear that the power of any piece depends entirely upon, and is accurately measured by its range upon the board. Therefore, a piece which is prevented from moving by any cause, whether by being blocked up by other pieces, or by covering its own king from check, has, during the time it is prevented from moving, no range, and, consequently, no power whatever. If a rook or bishop be covering its own king from check, the file, or diagonal, upon which such piece stands, may *appear* to be exposed to the range of such piece: there is no obstruction apparent to the eye, and therefore, *apparently*, the king, by moving into such file, would move into check. But all this is only apparent, not real. There is a real obstruction to the range of the piece, and consequently to its power, and that obstruction as effectual in every respect, as the interposition of another piece could make it. Therefore, in such case, the king does not fall *within the reach of such piece, and it is not in check.* [Although this argument is drawn from the definition given by *An Old Correspondent* himself, it is probable that it will not convince him, because it is also founded upon principle and common sense, and those authorities have evidently no influence upon his mind. But I do not doubt that any unprejudiced person will see that my view of the principle of the game, in this respect, is correct.—This letter is much too long; but as this is the last time that I shall trouble you on the subject, I hope you will find room for it.—I am yours, &c. J. B.

*January* 26, 1827.

[NO. CXXVII.]

The white to move, and to checkmate in ten moves.

## Black.



WHITE.

# The Bouquet.

*"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."*

MONTAIGNE.

## THE SCARF, OR NATURAL MAGIC.

*(From Head-pieces and Tail-pieces.)*

There are few things in this world more pleasant than, after a separation of some years, to feel one's legs under the same table with an ancient chum, a well-executed fire flinging, the while, its ruddy, good-humoured smile across the pale light of the wax, and a bottle of irreproachable claret voyaging with virtuous punctuality round the table. Far be the envious ear of wife from such *tête-à-tête*, sacred to the innocent reminiscences of youth, and far the insidious eyes of sister or daughter!

Sir James Ackfield thought he had never been so happy in his life, as during the volunteer visit of his early friend Ormond, of which it is my "hint to speak." They had been school-fellows, and what is more, *camerados*, during the interesting years which immediately succeed the tyranny of Quintus Horatius Flaccus. It may therefore be supposed, that their topics for conversation were not easily exhausted. Very different, however, had been the fortunes of the Baronet and his friend, since the days of "lang syne." Sir James had hardly attained his majority when he succeeded to the paternal estate, and had hardly mourned the usual time for this misfortune, when he married the daughter of his next neighbour. Since that period, the only important occurrences in his life were the birth of a daughter, the only child, and, some years subsequently, the death of his wife—not to mention now and then a more than usually capital good chase, an occasional prosecution under the game laws, or a speech at a county dinner.

Ormond, on the other hand, unfortunately had no estate to succeed to; but having some friends, and a very little money, it was thought that he might in time have acquired one, but for a train of those equivocal occurrences which, in our own history, we set down as misfortunes, and in that of other people as the effects of imprudence. He had now attained an age when one cannot, strictly speaking, be called a young, or an old, or even a middle-aged man; he was thirty-five. He had been twelve years engaged in the active business of life; the fire of youthful enthusiasm, that once burned brightly in his dark eye, was dimmed, if not quenched; his face bore testimony of the influence of warmer suns and ruder weather, and one untimely wrinkle on a once-polished brow told tales of early care. He had thus the appearance of being somewhat more than his real age; and few people turning from him to the round, ruddy John Bullish face, full blue eye, and clear forehead of his friend Sir James, would have supposed that the latter was senior by at least half a dozen years; yet this was the case.

It was not without a sigh that Ormond, in the pauses of conversation, surveyed the elegant apartment in which they were seated. Without any of the pride, pomp, and circumstance of fashion, there was yet a substantial richness about the whole, united with that singular air of *comfort* which is still to be found in the mansions of some of our country gentlemen, and which the fanaticism of high life, with heroic self-denial, refuses to enjoy. The fire burned brightly, his host smiled cheerily, and the "blood-red wine" went round joyously; but without there was rain, and storm, and darkness; and Ormond could not help thinking of the contrast, as bearing some resemblance to his own fate, compared with that of his friend. One, however, who has been embroiled with the world and the world's accidents for a dozen years, is not likely to allow such feelings to have long the mastery; *habits* of enjoying are acquired like other habits. There is, besides, a pleasure in talking of hardships that are past, and struggles that have been made, although in vain; for the very fact of our having endured hardships, and dared to struggle, implies determination and boldness of character.

We have said that Sir James had one child, a daughter. Adelaide Ackfield, as she was called, had now reached the respectable age of sixteen, and three months to boot; but it would have taken some force of argument to convince her father that she was a bit older than when her mother died, more than half a dozen years before. A man may be very able to judge of the progress of a boy or a puppy, or a colt; but he is miserably deficient in what relates to mere feminine matters: and thus Sir James, with the clumsy familiarity peculiar to the male animal, and the blind fondness of a widowed father, still took his "little Ady" on his knee; and little Ady did not yet resent, even in Ormond's presence, this affront to the womanhood of sixteen. She was, in truth, a child, both in habits and appearance. Besides being little of her age, and slightly formed, she had a softness of expression and a timidity of manner usually characteristic of earlier years. Being treated as a child, she never dreamt of assuming the little woman; and her few companions being mostly younger than herself, her mind, although naturally of no inferior cast, had not as yet had opportunity to resolve into its destined form and pressure—in other words, she wanted mental character. There was nothing about her, in short, which could induce Ormond to regard her in any other light than as a beautiful and amiable child; and in watching her delicate and graceful form, whether gliding round the apartment like some dream of fairy land, or kneeling to adjust her father's slipper, his only thought was, how delightful it would be to have such a daughter! For some days after his arrival, Adelaide had felt his presence rather as a restraint than otherwise, and had taken every opportunity of escaping to more congenial companions, but by degrees he ceased to be a stranger, and she gradually became interested in the conversation between him and her father. With his friend, Ormond had no reserve, and he dwelt on his real or imagined wrongs, his hopes and disappointments, his trials and his struggle, almost in the style of soliloquy.

To a young person, and more particularly to a young female, brought up in the lap of comfort, without any nearer acquaintance with misfortune than is derived from the pages of a tale, there must be something wonderfully attractive in a history of adventure and vicissitude, told *vivâ voce* by its hero. The mysterious spell which had heretofore rivetted her young attention, and drawn tears from the eyes that were half ashamed of the beautiful weakness, when poring over the "written troubles" of romance, must work with double power when every incident comes before her in the strength and freshness of reality, and when a dramatic interest is thrown over the whole, by the eloquence or feeling of the narrator. In the present instance the hero of the tale (the historian of events common, perhaps, in active life, but matters of strange importance in the "happy valley") was a well-looking, dark-eyed, ill-fated single gentleman. The tones of his voice were peculiarly rich and deep, such as linger the longest on a feminine ear; and there was, on many occasions, a generous enthusiasm in his manner, which is sure to awaken some congenial echo in the warm bosom of sixteen. The shades, too, were not invariably dark; there had been resting-places in the wilderness, green spots in the desert; and, mingling with the stern feelings of indignant resistance or haughty resignation, there came softer hopes and gentler regrets, dreams of love and beauty, such as haunt us even in the midst of the world's business, like recollections of a former existence, longings after pure enjoyments that seemed to be for ever denied—

imaginings of peaceful happiness, retirement, rural quiet, domestic affection—a wife!

After a few days, Adelaide sought no more her young companions as a relief from the gravity of her father's friend. A much longer time was permitted to elapse than Ormond had intended for the duration of his visit; but at length he reluctantly fixed the day of his departure. This was done abruptly on receiving a letter from town, which determined the course he was next to pursue, and which, with the alacrity of one accustomed to exertion, he determined to begin.

"And so, Adelaide," said he gaily, "get ready your letters and messages—and kisses, if you have any to send, for in three days my grace expires."

Adelaide looked at him with the same soft smile which was peculiar to her features, but he could perceive her lip tremble—"Dear, warm-hearted girl!" said he, mentally, as he took her passive hand, but at the same instant the smile vanished from her face, and tears, in spite of her evident exertions, made their way.

"Ady, my darling Ady!" said the unconscious parent, proud of his daughter's sensibility—but Adelaide dashed the tears from her eyes, and made her escape from the room. Ormond mused for a moment, and then began a sigh, which ended in a 'phew!' "She is such a child!" said he, as he took up the letter again, and turned his thoughts to business and the world. When Adelaide appeared at breakfast the next morning, Ormond might have observed a slight but momentary embarrassment in her manner, had he remembered the incident of the preceding evening; as it was, the colour rose unnoticed into her cheeks, and then faded into more than usual paleness. Before the end of the day, however, he could not help feeling that a change of some sort had taken place, and it was with surprise that he detected his thoughts, more than once, straying from the business that should have absorbed them, into conjecture as to the "cause of the effect." Not that she was less gay than usual, or less kind, or less anything; but her manner was different, whether in gaiety or kindness. There was nothing of reserve, he thought, either in her looks or conduct, at least it was impossible to affix the imputation on any particular glance or gesture, and yet he felt as if there was something in her air which repressed familiarity. He thought he should call her "Miss Ackfield." At dinner, Sir James, we verily believe, for the first time in his life, asked her to take wine before putting some in her glass, and Ormond would have smiled at the gravity with which she bent her head, if he durst.

The work which for more than two weeks had occupied Miss Ackfield's needle, was the manufacture or the ornamenting of an article which we hardly know how to describe to the reader. We affect not to have been at any time intimately versed in the mysteries of ladies' dress; even if we had, the nomenclature has been so much altered within the last few years, that our obsolete phraseology would be as unintelligible to a modern fair, as her own would be to the ghost of her great-grandmother. We ourselves think proper to denominate the article in question, as it must have a name, a scarf; but at the same time confess our utter inability to show cause why it should be called a scarf more than any thing else. We think, on some occasions, we have seen the like floating on a female arm; or softly undulating over the unimaginable loveliness of her neck, like a thing awakened by the sighs of beauty into a languid dream-like life: we have seen it too taken by its mistress from that mysterious spot and thrown carelessly upon a chair, where it seemed to us still to live, and feel, and undulate; and we would have liked to touch it if nobody had been by. Be it, however, what it may, it seemed to be an object of no small importance to Miss Ackfield, and especially after the day for Ormond's departure had been fixed. The last night at length arrived which he was to pass under the hospitable roof of his friend, and after day-break on the following morning was the time fixed for starting. The little party sat up to a late hour, each apparently desirous of putting off as long as possible the adieus it was necessary to give and take before separating. Had it not been for a redeeming something which it was impossible to define in her look, in the tone of her voice, or in—he did not know what, Ormond might have thought Adelaide somewhat selfish and unkind; for even in this, the last night of his visit, and at such an hour, the eternal scarf was in her hands, and seemed to engage every thought. Her father half pettishly asked, if there was not some knight about to engage in combat for her sake, to whom she had destined the gift; and Ormond also endeavoured to rally her on the subject, but without disturbing in the least her serious industry. An hour now was sounded, which made the little party start, and Ormond grasping his friend's hand, with a look more expressive than words, bade him farewell, perhaps for many years. Sir James was affected almost to tears, while with difficulty he uttered his "God bless you!" Then turning to Adelaide, the parting guest put a cameo seal-ring, which she had once admired, on her delicate finger, as a little token of regard for "his friend's daughter;" and, the truth must be told, was just on the eve of inflicting a species of salutation, which, unhappily for single gentlemen, has now passed away, with the other comical customs of antiquity, when it occurred to him that it would be better to leave it alone. It seemed to him that he had made a mistake. He had bent forward to kiss the innocent lips of a child, but found before him instead, a woman; her head drawn back with all her sex's majesty, though her eyes sunk under his with all her sex's meekness, while the "mantling spirit of reserve," spreading over her whole air, made the daring bachelor shrink. The hand he still held was raised gravely to his lips, a few words of common-place ceremony muttered, and he found himself slowly wending his way up the staircase before he had altogether recovered from his surprise. When the door was shut, and he found himself alone, he looked round his solitary room with a momentary inflation of the chest, which we cannot venture to say was not caused by the fatigue of ascending the stairs;—the next moment he smiled—and the next almost laughed outright, while he muttered something audibly, of which only the concluding words are on record:—"A mere child!" He was soon, however, occupied with a less pleasing reverie, and while pacing backwards and forwards, a thousand anxious thoughts connected with his future prospects crowded into his mind. Immersed in such painful speculations as haunt even the silent watches of the night, with those who are doomed to worldly care, the hours glided by unnoticed—unnoticed, indeed, during their progress, but each casting as it passed that added shade upon the mind, individually slight perhaps, or imperceptible, but when the hours have amounted to days, and the days to years, which darkens at length into a gloom, so often referred to worse causes, when seen in its usual indications of the harsh temper, the chilled sympathy, the weary heart, and the wrinkled brow.

The morning already begun to dawn, and he had not yet retired to bed. He opened the window-shutters, and watched vacantly the faint beams of day-break struggling with the artificial light in his chamber. It was impossible as yet to distinguish objects clearly; the earth seemed like a wide dim sea around him, not a breath of air moved upon its shadowy bosom, and the cold stillness which was over all things, brought forcibly to his recollection the thrill he had once felt while contemplating from the midnight deck the slumber of the mighty waters. It wanted only a few hours to the time when he was once more to launch out into that dark and doubtful world; and feeling no inclination for sleep, he determined to employ himself till then in writing letters of business. As he descended to the library to find the necessary implements, unwilling to disturb the deep silence in which the house was buried, he trod as softly as possible. The door was unfastened, and pushing it gently open, he stood for an instant shading the slight taper with his hand. Ormond was not by any means a man of weak nerves, and yet it was with a kind of startling sensation, not very distantly allied to terror, that on looking up he saw a brilliant light in the room, and in the stillness and loneliness of that dead hour, a female form, in lightness, attitude, and costume, more like some beautiful creation of the painter's pencil, or poet's pen, than a daughter of this sinful world. A loose thin night-dress of the purest white seemed to float around her, while her dark hair of extraordinary length, affording a strange contrast, descended almost to her feet. Standing nearly on tiptoe contemplating with unpraised eyes something she held, as if admiringly, above her head, this singular apparition seemed to Ormond in the act of rising into the air, and he expected for a moment to see it vanish among the carved bookcases that rose in antique massiveness to the ceiling. On turning casually round, however, for she had been standing with her back towards him, the sparkling eyes and the bright fresh cheek of mortal beauty beamed suddenly on his bewildered senses, and he beheld, with an interest and curiosity almost painful, the young Adelaide. Slowly lowering her hands, she now appeared to fix her eyes attentively on a particular spot of the article they contained, which Ormond recognised to be the *scarf*. There was a singularity in her manner at this moment, which it would not be easy to describe. She smiled—but the smile did not come as it was wont—her cheek flashing an instantaneous and involuntary reflection of some bright feeling, just as the stream cannot choose but sparkle, when shone on by the sunbeam; no—her features altered earnestly and systematically into the proper mould, and then she smiled—the gravest smile in the world! Her lips moved; Ormond even thought he could distinguish the sound; she seemed afraid of being overheard, and yet to be compelled to speak. The sounds at length became audible, although it was impossible to distinguish the words, and from the measured cadence of her speech, he found that her soliloquy was in verse. The hour, the place, her singular costume—her dishevelled hair—her unaccountable smile—and her strangely-timed rhymes—all impressed Ormond with the idea that she had lost her senses; and he leant against the door in actual agony at the thought. The sounds now ceased, and she raised the scarf to her eyes; when withdrawn, it was wet with her tears—deranged to a certainty! thought Ormond, for the tears appeared to be just of the same mechanical manufacture as the smile, and her eyes looked as unconscious of sorrow as the "violet dropping dew." She now suddenly threw the scarf over her arm; and turning fully to the door, threw a glance of such joyous, yet half malicious triumph to where he stood, that Ormond, at once startled and abashed at being detected, as he imagined, in so equivocal a situation, was on the point of stepping forward to explain. The alarm, however, which the motion of the door appeared to give her, convinced him that he was undiscovered. But what was he to do? she had now taken up the light and was gliding with noiseless step to the door. If he attempted to conceal himself, and was discovered!—If he went forward, it was ten to one she would scream with the surprise, and alarm the house—this would be awkward. His situation was ridiculously distressing. But of two evils, thought he, I will choose the least, I will not be caught, I will advance—yes—yes—I will meet her, said he, breaking into a perspiration, and all the while stepping back into a recess near the door. She was now close to where he stood, and paused for a moment, as if to listen whether any one was stirring; all things, however, were silent, except the heart of the unwilling *spy*—that beat, as if it would break its prison. She then glided past without observing him, her hair floating like a cloud over her white dress and half uncovered bosom. She ascended the staircase, hardly seeming to touch it with her echoless footsteps; and when she disappeared at the top, Ormond doubted whether it had not all been a dream.

It is not stated in the histories of these important events, how many letters of business Ormond wrote that morning; but we know that when a post-chaise drove up to the door at the appointed time, he was standing on the identical spot where the apparition had performed, or appeared to perform, (for he was by no means certain of the fact) its mystical rites, his arms folded, his eyes half shut, like one who dreams when awake; and the little taper he had held still lighted on the table, its wick an inch long, and its tiny flame lost in the broad beams of morning. It was not with his usual decided step that he at length entered the carriage; he appeared to hesitate for a moment before raising both his feet from the ground. His eyes wandered over the far and misty track he was about to pursue, and then turned to the hospitable mansion behind him, standing lofty and grave in the stillness of early morning, the door ajar as if affording a peep into the warmth and richness covered by that cold exterior, one bareheaded domestic standing motionless on the steps, forgetting, in his sleepiness, to bow out the parting guest; but not a sound from within, not a window-shutter unclosed—no not *one!* Ormond paused, looked as if he had forgotten something, then slowly seated himself in the vehicle, and when he turned again, other houses met his eyes, other gardens, other lawns, and our traveller once more found himself abroad upon the world, to struggle and to bear, to offend and defend, to jostle and be jostled, to suffer and to enjoy, through its headlong, dizzy, bustling, important, paltry, grave, and ridiculous career. Resolving to waste no more thought on the unfathomable vagaries of a girl of sixteen, he now addressed himself seriously to more important deliberations. This, however, was a matter of no small difficulty; not that his thoughts wandered backwards, or that his dreams were still haunted by the apparition of the library—it was a brown paper parcel which disturbed him. Yes, a parcel wrapped up in brown paper—or whity-brown paper, we shall not be positive—and fastened, not with string like a grocer's parcel, or with tape like a bundle of briefs, but with pins after the fashion feminine. It lay on the seat beside him; the skirts of his coat almost touched it. He eyed it once or twice, but would not be disturbed. The equipment, thought he, continuing his reflections, will cost—a pound (pshaw!)—the vessel being laden with nothing much heavier than her guns, having only a few tons of—brown paper—(curse the brown paper!) he moved pettishly to the other side of the seat, but a lurch of the carriage, as his nautical friends would say, moved the brown paper parcel also, and brought it still closer alongside, if not

altogether aboard him. Ormond looked at it askance—reluctantly, but there was no help for it; he took it up, undid the pin with a slow but not very steady hand, and making an unsuccessful attempt at feeling surprise, beheld the scarf roll its airy length to his feet. A note accompanied this singular present, containing the following words, written in the prettiest little hand in the world: "Miss Ackfield, in exchange for Mr. Ormond's beautiful cameo, offers him this little sample of her industry;" and further down, in allusion to what had passed the preceding evening, respecting its destination to some knight-militant—"Be brave, be fortunate!" And this was all! He turned the note up and down, backwards and forwards, sideways and lengthways—but not another syllable appeared; while the blush with which he had begun its perusal was deepened by self-convicted, and perhaps somewhat mortified vanity, as he acknowledged in spite of himself that he had expected more. But then the library scene, thought vanity, rallying—the smile, the tear! But even vanity acknowledged the folly of reasoning on the actions of fantastic sixteen; besides, she might have been asleep; there have been instances of a singular sleep-walking—or Ormond himself might have been asleep, and in truth, at this moment, he would have hesitated not a little to take his corporal oath of the reality of what he had seen. He now deposited the note in his pocket, and set himself to replace the scarf in its brown paper; but, whether owing to the awkwardness of male hands, or to the natural intractibility of such articles, this was an occupation of some time; more than once, when he had succeeded in rolling it carefully up, and was just about to make all fast with the pin, in the most provoking manner imaginable, it would escape from his impatient fingers, and fill half the carriage with its exuberant, but shadowy folds. Then, when at last the pin was firmly fixed, where was he to put it? not in the pocket of the coach, where it would be crushed to death; his portmanteau was outside, and at any rate quite full; and on the seat, where he had originally found it, it was perpetually jolting about, and sometimes falling down, to the intolerable disturbance of his meditations.

We shall now wander back, and take a single peep at the young enchantress herself—meanwhile leaving Ormond fairly saddled with the most troublesome post chaise companion, that single gentleman was ever bothered withal. But hush!—softly, we entreat, dear reader, for we are now on holy ground! By the "dim, religious light," admitted through the closed curtains, we perceive that we are in the very sanctum sanctorum of innocence and beauty. Following a sunbeam bolder than the rest, our eyes are carried direct to the little divinity of the place, who, even in sleep, appears to assert her goddesship; for the breathless stillness of the scene seems to be the *effect* of her slumber; and her warm cheek brought out by the sunbeam amidst the shadyness of her canopied retreat, is, in our fancy, the dispenser of the mellowed radiance which illumines the apartment—

> "The light that beams from heavenly Una's face,
> Making a sunshine in the shady place!"

Her brow is clear and calm, and as white as the snowy pillow on which she reclines; the bloom of health is on her fresh cheek; the soft, half-formed smile of unwithered youth, plays around her lips; but the lifelessness of expression, in which these chiselled features so lately slept, the utter unconsciousness in which her girlish slumbers were buried, have given place to a touching sensibility, which confers a strange, undefinable interest in what before might have been regarded with merely the cold admiration we bestow on a beautiful picture.—Why is this? By what means has so sudden a change been effected? The flower ripens by degrees, and, under the growing influence of the sun,

> The rose, like a nymph to the bath addreat,
> Doth slowly uncover her fragrant breast;
> Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air,
> The soul of her beauty and love lies bare.

The stream awakens from its icy slumber by gradations almost imperceptible. There is not an analogy in nature which will answer our purpose. Do we further inquire whether the same change would have taken place at this particular juncture, if Ormond, with his delectable morceaux of autobiography, had been but the visionary hero of a novel; whether, in common parlance, her time was come, and like Titania, after the magical ointment had been applied to her sleeping eyes, she would have fallen in love with an ass, had he been the first to present himself? It may be answered, that as marriages are made in heaven, so love, the precursor of matrimony, (a kind of avant-courtier of Hymen, who announces the arrival, and takes leave at the door) may in like manner be supposed to come of destiny. But this gets us into an argument with the divines and the metaphysicians, and embroils us with a multitude of contending systems and hypotheses, on the question of free will and necessity, a chaos which perhaps may contain the elements of truth, although as yet without form. For our part, we are pleased with the idea of the fairy ointment, and cannot help thinking what a wonderful deal of trouble in the way of speculation and argument it would save, to be able to refer at once, the incongruities which daily torment, amuse, or astonish us in this strange passion, to a touch of Oberon's finger.

However, the digression has answered our purpose; for the reader will perceive, that while we have been holding him by the button, our heroine has had time to steal unperceived out of bed, and the slight toilet, demanded by "only papa," is already finished. Her next occupation this morning was to write a letter to a dear and confidential friend, one Miss Caroline Somebody, at that time inclosed in the sort of English nunnery termed a boarding-school, and the following extract from her letter is given us a genuine specimen of the usual style of correspondence, between a Miss at home, and a boarding-school Miss of their respective ages:

"O, Caroline! the night is past, the spell is broken, and Ormond is gone! I obeyed your every direction, my friend and counsellor; the secret work in the very heart of the scarf, the hour, (it sounded the middle stroke of three when the last and centre stitch was drawn,) the tear, the smile, the sigh, at the very moment proper to each; the mysterious emblem, which it is impossible for him to discover, till his destiny is fixed, all were perfect! But after all, now, is it not impudent to try to make a man love me whether he will or no? I am sure Ormond will struggle like a drowning swimmer. If he does find it out, how mean, how foolish he will think me. I wish I had not ventured; it absolutely makes me shrink all over when the idea of my boldness occurs to me. But are you sure there is nothing omitted, for after one has taken the trouble you know———Heigho! is it not a comical feeling to be in love? But I scarcely know what I am about, and was just forgetting your desire to hear every syllable of the parting scene. Fast flew the melancholy but delightful hours, whose traces must so long remain impressed on my memory. The deep tones of that voice, whose echoes are yet sounding in the innermost recesses of my heart, fell fainter and fainter as the time approached. An interesting melancholy stole over his at-all-times thoughtful, but not the less on that account handsome, features, and at length, when unwillingly he arose, it was with a start of inexpressible grace he exclaimed, 'Good God, it is two o'clock!' I of course pass over the adieus exchanged between him and papa; but when he turned to me, I thought I should have sunk—only think! before he could have the slightest conception that I intended my scarf for him, he presented me himself with a parting gift—a ring; the very seal-ring I admired on his finger, at least three days before; the figure on the stone, Love covering his face with his wings. How odd, that he should remember my admiring it! Don't you think it strange? Having put the ring, with his own hands, on my finger, he bent forward—do you know, I think he was going to kiss me! but he didn't: he only raised my hand to his lips—contact did not ensue, but I felt his warm breath; it might have been a sigh! he paused for an instant, dropped my yielding hand, stepped backward two paces, and then said in a low but impressive voice, 'Good bye, Miss Ackfield!'"

* * * * *

We must now follow Ormond to the great city, commonly designated by the monosyllable "town;" the servants are carrying his luggage up stairs to his apartments, all save one article, of which he himself has the charge, and which he bears gently along in both hands with the grace and tenderness of a milliner's apprentice fetching home a new bonnet. It was with such a sigh as we heave on finishing some difficult and complicated business that he at length deposited the troublesome treasure on his dressing-table; and then, feeling himself at liberty to attend to other matters of grave urgency, he went forth on his affairs. When he returned home in the evening, as he was just entering his bed-chamber to dress, he was surprised, from this sanctum sanctorum of single gentlemen, to hear, not one female tongue, which might have been pardonable, but half a dozen, all so busy at the same instant, that for some time he was at a loss to know the subject of their debate. The door, however, was ajar, and though not liking the odds, he thought there could be no harm in walking into his own room. His presence was quite unperceived by the conclave, consisting of his landlady, her mother, three daughters, and two servant wenches, all standing round the window, the mysterious scarf in the midst, which they were now holding up to the light, and now holding down, turning, twisting, placing sideways, lengthways, folding, unfolding, admiring, blaming, and criticising, all in a breath, as if afraid of losing time. Ormond's brow darkened with anger, and then reddened with shame, as he listened to their remarks, interspersed with interminable, O las! Good gracious! Only thinks! and interrupted by bursts of laughter. His vexation at length venting itself in the sort of growl which relieves one's chest so much, when one dares not or must not bite, the guilty landlady turned her head, and with a scream which was instantaneously echoed in every note of the gamut, from the thin treble of the grandmother down to the guttural bass of the fat cook, dropped the object of their feminine curiosity, and with a sidelong curtsey made for the door. The girls next followed mamma one by one, curtseying sideways in imitation as they passed, smirking, leering, or bridling; then the chamber-maid, cocking her chin with a pert dignity; then the fat cook, whose blowzy cheeks he could perceive swelling with suppressed mirth as she insinuated herself out at the door; and lastly, the tottering grandmother, with her tedious feebleness and vacant simper, and old-ladyish politeness. Ormond bit his lips till the blood started; then, ashamed of his ill-humour, attempted to whistle some lively notes; and the ludicrous gravity with which he performed this operation at length amused even himself. Taking up the scarf, which still lay on the ground, he resolved to deposit it in some place impervious to the vulgar gaze. His writing-desk was the first object which met his eye, and without thinking further, he opened it, and laid the silken folds carefully in the drawer. Rash, thoughtless, imprudent Ormond! or shall we say rather, infatuated victim, predestined fool! If thou hadst but buried the insidious gift in the depths of thy portmanteau; or concealed it within the leaves of the huge Bible left thee by thy mother, with her blessing; or stowed it in any other unvisited corner, where its magical influence would be hidden from thine eyes and dead to thy heart! But destiny will have its course; or if there be really a power vested in man to do what he willeth, the story of thy fate herein faithfully recorded, will be a beacon and a warning to all bachelors from fifteen to five and forty, henceforth and for evermore.

The intention of a keepsake is to present to the eye an object associated in some direct and intimate manner with the giver, so that we can no sooner look on the gift, than the idea of our absent friend flashes at once on our mind. But associations may be worn out by frequent use, like the impression on a coin. The eye becomes so accustomed to a ring, for instance, which we wear constantly on our finger, that at length that which seemed once a magic circle, conjuring up so many slumbering forms, lost and buried in our memory, the absent or the dead, becomes void and powerless, a mere paltry ornament. A portrait is better, but that is generally the gift of betrothed love, which, of course, needs not any foreign aid to maintain a subjugation so complete. In their choice of a keepsake, we would recommend to our fair friends to fix on, and to our bachelor friends, to decline, something, no matter what, which would present itself to the eye not oftener than once a day. The *thing* signifies not a straw—let it *be* a straw, so that the association between the giver and the gift is entire and direct. We are ignorant whether Miss Ackfield and her boarding-school friend had been influenced by sound philosophical reasoning on the subject, or whether they had altogether depended on those mystical rites of which Ormond had been so unwilling a witness; but certainly, as matters turned out, no choice could be happier than theirs. Even in the midst of business, than which we know not a more effectual cure for vagaries of the imagination, the unfortunate bachelor was beset by ideas that would, perhaps, have been speedily forgotten, had the scarf been in his pocket. He had generally occasion to open his desk once in the day—but what unbusiness-like confusion of letters and ideas! Adelaide was among his papers; her long hair trailed dimly over the writing, her tears mingled with the ink, and her malicious smile led the pen astray. A letter by and by arrived from Sir James, and Ormond did not attempt to disguise from himself, that it was with a strong *curiosity* to know what message Adelaide would send, that he began its perusal. He read the first page with composure, at the end of the second he became fidgety, and when his eye was half way down the third, absolutely out of temper. My good friend, thought he, is so mightily occupied with his little matters;—what is all this? partridges, woodcocks, pheasants, detonating guns, Joe Manton, poaching, turnips—stuff! He began again, and read it patiently through a second time, but not a syllable so much as insinuated a compliment from the young lady; till at length, apparently an after-thought, and written crossways at a corner of the letter, he detected the words "Adelaide's respects." Adelaide's *respects!* well, this

was better than nothing, and yet not much. But then, to be inserted after the letter had been finished, perhaps sealed, must it not have been by her express request? The very coldness of the word "respects" he at length began to like: it looked so guarded, and a guarded expression implies that there is something to conceal. Many months had passed away since his visit, and still the scarf, assisted by the letters of Sir James, maintained its influence over his ideas. The Baronet's style, however, when he mentioned his daughter, was now a good deal altered. He seemed gradually to have discovered that she was no longer a child; she appeared more frequently on the stage, and not as the mere amusement of his leisure hours, but as one of the most important of the *dramatis personæ*; her opinion was sometimes quoted both in matters of taste and business, and at length his "whole life and conversation" seemed in some sort to take their tone from her ideas, sentiments, or wishes. She was now mentioned invariably as "Miss Ackfield;" and appeared to have the absolute command of the establishment. Ormond watched with intense interest and anxiety this revolution in Sir James's way of thinking; he had latterly, on some occasions, been betrayed into exclaiming, almost aloud,—"If she was not so mere a child, I do believe I should fancy myself in love with her!" but now he acknowledged with infinite candour, that a girl of seventeen had really, as Sir James seemed to imagine, some title to be considered as a young woman. It was observed about this time, that he paid somewhat more attention to the toilet than formerly, or than is customary at a period of life yet so far from the time when single gentlemen begin to dress against age. The story indeed goes, that he was detected in the act of extracting a hair from his eyebrow, of a somewhat equivocal colour; and whether in abstraction of mind or not, it is certain that he was once found reading an advertisement of "Macassar Oil" posted at the corner of a street. At this time he received a letter from Sir James, containing a warm invitation to spend a few weeks at the hall; and his company was more particularly requested on the day when Miss Ackfield was to complete her seventeenth year, on which occasion a fête was to be given. But it happened at this particular juncture, that business of a very important nature required his presence in town; he turned the matter in his mind a thousand different ways; but it would not do: stay he must, or expose himself to both loss and ridicule: and with a heavy heart he declined the invitation. Having made this sacrifice to reason and philosophy, he directed his thoughts to business with what alacrity he might. He could not help thinking, however, how vexatious it was; and counted the days with as much anxiety as if he had really meant to be present at Adelaide's fête. At length the time drew so near, that one morning, when lying awake in bed, he calculated, in mere vacancy of mind, that if he should set out that moment it would be late on the evening of the ball before he could possibly arrive. Now we beg the reader to observe, if, indeed, it hath not been made sufficiently manifest already, that we are not writing an apology, but an impartial memoir; it is neither our business nor intention to press reasons into the service of our hero: we have merely to record, as we have hitherto done, plainly and historically, certain important events in their chronological order; and having so premised, we go on to state, that just half an hour after the above-mentioned curtain calculation had been made, Ormond was on his way to the hall. The stately mansion of the Ackfield family, on the night of Ormond's arrival, presented an unusually brilliant appearance. As the carriage rolled along the winding avenue, the lights gleaming through the trees, and the music already audible from the open windows, excited an expectation which was not at all diminished on a nearer approach; festoons of coloured lamps were tastefully suspended from the branches; the hall was transformed into the appearance of a forest walk, dimly lighted by smaller lamps, twinkling like stars through the foliage, to increase the effect on entering the dancing rooms; and, in short, things in general seemed to be managed in a style quite creditable to country folks. Ormond was heartily welcomed by Sir James, who was as much surprised as delighted to see him; and was then despatched up stairs to dress, with an injunction to lose no time. This was needless; for Ormond's impatience could hardly brook the delay of shaking hands with his friend; his toilet was made in less time than the phlegmatic Sir James thought possible, and immediately after his arrival had been announced to Miss Ackfield, he entered the dancing-room.

Those who have observed the difference which a single year makes in the appearance of most girls of sixteen, will be able to comprehend the surprise with which our bachelor gazed on the beautiful and graceful young woman who now stood before him. Her fairy form had now expanded into dimensions which appeared to him the very beau ideal of female stature and *tournure*; a dignified ease had taken place of her former shrinking timidity, and the elegance of her present address was strongly in contrast with the embarrassment, which, in the unformed and neglected girl, had pained while it interested him. There was no perceptible difference in her manner of receiving him and the other friends of her father who were present, and indeed Ormond fancied that he could perceive a studied coldness even through the hospitable kindness with which she welcomed his return; there were no allusions to their former meeting; no conscious looks; nothing that could induce even vanity to hope that she regarded him in any other light than as a common acquaintance. It was only a few moments that duty to the other guests permitted her to devote to him; and, when she turned calmly away, Ormond felt the high spirits with which he had entered the apartment sink into utter despondency; the vague hopes that had risen in his mind (Heaven knows how) the visionary and fantastic thoughts that had haunted him so long, all melted into "thin air." She was now encircled by a group of gentlemen, who seemed to vie with each other in their attentions; the young, the rich, and the happy, were around her, striving for her smiles; and she, young, rich, and happy herself, the queen of the night, the fairest of the beautiful, seemed worthy of still higher homage. Ormond gazed with a sickening heart, and bitterly regretted that he had left London. At this moment their eyes met; and Adelaide, struck with the depression visible in his countenance, glided swiftly across the room,—"You are fatigued, Mr. Ormond," said she, with a warmth of manner, that for the moment reanimated him,—"It was so kind in you to come; and my father is so delighted to see you on this important evening—you know what a spoiled girl I am!" These few words spoken in her naturally soft and kind manner, addressing him with the familiarity of an old friend, and alluding to former times, had a visible effect on his spirits, and he gallantly determined to enter the circle which moved round her. They will at least respect my age, thought he, smiling as he caught the reflection of his gentlemanly figure in a mirror which they passed. The ball passed on like other balls; the supper succeeding was discussed like other suppers; the company at length departed, the last roll of the carriages was heard on the gravelled avenue, the lights were extinguished, and the scene of the late festivity was buried in silence and darkness. Ormond slept almost as little as on the last night he had passed in the same house; but when he rose from bed, although none of the family was yet stirring, he found the morning far advanced. Having dressed, he used the freedom of an old acquaintance, and let himself out, to take a ramble before breakfast. The companion of his walk, as she had been of his dreams, was Adelaide Ackfield; and in calling to mind her words, her manner, and her looks, the preceding evening, and in endeavouring to analyse the feelings, of whose existence he had till then been ignorant, and in forming prudent resolutions for the future, the time stole on unperceived. His meditations were interrupted for a moment by the shrill screaming voices of some little boys at the road-side who had quarrelled. "I will tell Miss Ackfield!" cried one in a threatening voice. Further on was a cottage, with whose tenant, a poor old woman, he had formed some acquaintance during his former visit. On knocking at the door, a feeble voice desired him to come in; and obeying, he was sorry to see the poor creature, alone and unwell, confined to bed. "God bless thee, sweet lady," said she, "I knew it was no other step than thine, coming out of the light and warmth of this sunny morning, to sit by the dark curtains of sickness and death." "See," continued she, "I have been trying with my failing eyes to make out these blessed lines of the Comforter; but now there is a clear sight, and a sweet voice to read to me—What! is it not Miss Ackfield?" Ormond explained her mistake, and, after a short visit, went out pleased and affected. He next strolled into the village, which is part of Sir James's property; and while passing along its quiet street, a babbling of young voices from an open window attracted his attention to the place. On looking in he saw a number of female children at their early studies, whose innocent little faces, set off by their white caps and clean check dresses, interested him exceedingly. "It is Miss Ackfield's school, Sir," said a little girl who was going in, and observed the stranger looking as if inquiringly around. Respect and esteem now equalled admiration in Ormond's thoughts of this charming young woman; and while slowly bending his steps towards the hall, the contrast between her situation the night before and the one she probably held by this time at the bed-side of sickness and poverty, brought to his recollection the well known and exquisite lines, entitled "Art and Nature." He repeated them first inwardly, and then aloud; but the reader knows that there the second situation of the heroine is by the cradle of her infant, while her husband watches them both with rapture.

Days, weeks, and even months passed on, and Ormond became more in love, but very little better pleased with his reception. There was one thing which almost maddened him; he had never seen the ring he had given her on her finger: she must have lost it, or laid it aside as unworthy of preservation; and the reader knows with what painful fidelity he had kept the scarf! He several times resolved to introduce the subject, and know at least the fate of his unfortunate gift; but she either parried it by playful manœuvres, or silenced him by downright displeasure. At length, determined no longer to allow his life to run away in a dream, he fixed the day for his departure. The manner of Miss Ackfield had not been sufficiently marked to destroy all hopes in Ormond's breast, nor yet encouraging enough to induce a proud man like him to run the hazard of a refusal. It was impossible she could have the slightest suspicion of the midnight rites which he had witnessed being known to him, and yet there was a mystery in her conduct respecting the keepsakes which he was now determined to penetrate. One day, when they were alone in the garden, encouraged by a softness, amounting to melancholy, in her manner, when they had been talking of his departure, he summoned courage to say to her,—"We are now, dear Miss Ackfield, about to part, will you permit me just to ask—the question may be of importance to me, and the answer I fear can be but a matter of indifference to you;—the scarf!"—"The scarf! Sir," said she starting—"The ring, I mean," continued Ormond, "the pledge—the keepsake, I would say." Adelaide's agitation at this moment became so excessive that he stopped short in dismay. She put her hand to her eyes, and he could see the tears gush through her fingers. Ormond, cursing his folly, yet knowing not of what he had been guilty, would have soothed, knelt to her, but she waved him away. "Mr. Ormond," said she at last, with a strong effort, "I did not expect this; and, least of all, from you; think of what I was when guilty of the indelicacy, I must call it, you allude to; a silly, thoughtless, motherless girl! It was but a jest, a child's sport; the letters which, no doubt, surprised and shocked you." "Letters!" exclaimed Ormond in amazement, "what is all this?" Adelaide stopped, much agitated; a sudden thought seemed to dart into her brain—her eyes lighted up joyfully, and she said with quickness and animation, "Yes, a jest—only a jest; it was an unfit present—only return me the scarf, and you shall have the choice of my jewel-box,—or your own cameo," added she, with archness, "if you will!" But Ormond too had his sudden thoughts; and without reply he darted like an arrow towards the house, pursued, but unsuccessfully, by the fair supplicant. He quickly gained his own apartment, unfolded the scarf, and, after close search, discovered in the very middle, in letters so fine, it was no wonder they had hitherto escaped detection (being formed of a single hair,) the words "Ormond and Adelaide" twined together. Depositing the precious document in his bosom, he ran back to the garden. "The ring, Adelaide!" he cried, almost out of breath. "Supposing I was inclined to make the exchange, is it still in your power? have you preserved *my* keepsake?" Adelaide held up the palm of her hand, and he perceived with ecstasy that she had never ceased to wear it, the cameo having been merely turned downwards, so as to make the ring resemble a plain hoop.

We lament that it is not in our power to pursue the conversation further, and many pretty things we are afraid are thus irrecoverably lost to the reader. The last words we could gather from any authentic source were—"Tell me, dearest, by what power you threw this spell over my heart, even before I knew you to be good as you are beautiful, admirable as"—"Hush, hush, it was *natural magic*," said Adelaide, hiding her face in her lover's bosom.

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SOUP KITCHENS FOR THE POOR.—Although the *Kaleidoscope* is not the ordinary medium for this sort of intelligence, we must step for a moment out of our way to give our readers a piece of welcome information, which has just come to our knowledge. Two public soup kitchens have been opened in the town during the last week; one in Marlborough-street, Vauxhall-road, the other in Watkinson-street, Bridgewater-street. On Saturday last, before eleven o'clock in the forenoon, upwards of three thousand quarts of this soup had been sold at a half-penny a quart at the former of the two establishments we have named.

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